

Furiously Dangerous

Ludacris

[Hook: Claret Jai]

Were so furiously dangerous[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Death by lyrical injection

I kill you rappers

A lot of green with a yellow complexion

Women call me the Green Bay packer

I pack the zeros

Meaning mucho deniro

So paid, rappers is waitin on trades and they all get Knicked like Melo

Hello, LUDA!

Tell theses other boys double up

Cause I got some work all on my waist but I call it a tummy tuck

My every records jumpin, or playin double dutch

I shit on rappers every verse just got the bubble guts[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Let me tell this to the people not understandin my moxy

Animal, watch me

if you think its ?, stop me

But then I hit em with a flow, that they cant even copy

See, we dont play that

Where Im from its like fantasy hockey

Sup with the dog, thugs want a war

Bad jean, what you want to trade slugs with em for

While you cuffin em more, Im stuffin the jaw

Illegal for you to reworking Kevin Love on the board, dog?

You and your skills ? on my squad

I put you on a crash course in a smart car

Going speeding not relying on the brake pad

The car you still drive on the race track

So you lying bout your feelings and the Maybach?

A ghost tail for the Phantoms, face facts?

We ruin hip hop, slaughterhouse and payback

In the shape of a tatt, you done faded to black

GO[Hook: Claret Jai][Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9"]

I went from eating top ramen to being top rhymer

Check full of commas

No regrets except for the drama

I remember a time when my only perfection was my momma

My mind in the wrong direction

Now its time ya bow down in ?

Writ in my honour cause bitch Im bonker, plural
In a whip with my Ivanka, pompous? girl
She on E, feeling on me, singing on key
While Im bumping We Are The World
Got a sniff from Britney, no he didnt did he
We run this town
No he didnt did he
I feel like tinting the glass,
You take a sip with me
She from the city of Jackson
I call her Mississippi, that was pretty witty
Demand like a black man tryna get re-elected
He aint get it, did he?[Hook: Claret Jai][Joell Ortiz]
? to the pedal
Pedal to the floor
Just whippin it through the ghetto
Metal in the door, case I gotta throw some lead into ya, boy
Referee mind state, Im settling the score
I dont know what yall hating for
Wait, wait, know what, matter fact
I dont know what youre waiting for
I aint finna say nothing, turn the bass up more til the speakers pop
I get a kick outta that, like a sneakers spot
See I was a little kid with his thumbs in his ears
and his tongue in his ear going na-na-na-nah-naaar
Just when you think it stop na-na-na-nah-naaar
Everything I speak is hot
But bont be mad at least everything you speak is
I cant think of nothing nice to say, youre not nice okay[Crooked I]
Rapper, hustler, entrepreneur
My shit fly like Im launching manure
Lord of the underground, God of the saw
On Hennessy black, ? to the jaw
Yeah Im off the block
This aint work, call me Im off the block
Im a syllable, Hannibal, killer cannibal
With a mechanical manual to deliver the flammable ammo
Lyrical and Im off the top
Rep that West till I walk with Pac
We the 2.0 Boys, quick fricken Joe boys
New gold Rolls Royce, fall off the lot
Cock me, the only way you can stop me
Im top seed, I pop green at my speed
So watch me, if you havent seen the phenomenom
I speak fast as Lamborghinis in Ramadan[Hook][Outro]

I suggest you shut it down
Pack your ish and turn around
Because tonight, we run this town
So let your feet, still swiftly hit the ground[Ludacris]
We too dangerous for the World

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